

A PEGAMENT

# ALOGUE BETWEEN A Protestant School-Boy, and a Popish PRIEST,

Concerning the Present Times,

as they met at Hide-Park Corner, last Fryday.

Particularly, touching Popish Saints, Transubstantiation, Infallibility, Bulls, Limbus Patrum, Miracles of the Meal-Tub, & sommorth's business, the Race at Salisbury, &c.

Also, something relating to the late unhappy Fire at Whitehall.



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# Dialogue betwixt a Boy and a Papist.

Tom. **H**A boys Tom, go carry home my Tops, my Giggs, my Marbles and my Nicks, yonder comes the Man I told you of, that taught me to keep so many Holy-days: ay, go, I say, for I'll play no longer, but stand at the Corner, and salatue him, it may be he may teach me a trick more pleasant than breaking up at Easter, Whitsontide, or Christmas.

*Tom.* Well then Jack, adieu till Night, I'll be no Eves-dropper to over-hear your Arguments. Farewel Tom. Now for a touch of my Grandmother at Rome-ave Domine, hail, Sir.

Papist. O my Child, well met, I have been looking for thee to Instruct thee in some farther principles: How hast thou improved thy self in what I taught thee last?

Tom. Well, Sir, as to observing of the Holidays, for I have plaid the Truant at least twenty times, as our Scholars tell me my Master says, since I converst with you.

Papist. O Heretick, would not he then have observed those days the Pope has set apart

to be Religiously kept, as sanctified Holy-days p  
Boy. No, but vows he'll whip me soundly  
when ever I come to School again; and indeed  
I believe he'll be as good as his word, for he  
is a cruel man.

Pap. Well, thou shalt be no more under sub  
jection to a Heretick, but be instructed by the  
Pedagogus of ours; these damn'd Hereticks re  
know would ruine thee, but I'll prevent this  
and take care for thy future Education.

Boy. O law Sir, what's that Pedagogus ha!  
that's a fine Name indeed, pray what  
manner of thing is it:

Pap. Why one that shall teach thee to rec  
all the Articles of thy Belief, and only rest his  
Salvation on the Pope's Infallibility; but come  
up little Knaves, what Holy-days did you so stri  
ctly observe, name them?

Boy. Why, all those Catholick Saints da  
that have been Hanged for Treason, ever sin  
Queen Bess's days, as they call her.

Pap. O Villain, for Treason: no, but sin  
dye Martyrs for the holy Church, under  
Heretical Persecutions.

Boy. Well then, that died Martyrs, as Gui  
Faux, Catesby, Bookwood, Piercy, Digby, Peter  
the like, with Father Garner, Stacey, Coleman,  
Langhorn, all the Jesuits, and a number more.  
I took them all for Saints, because they made  
up the more Holy-days to keep me from  
School.

de Pap. 'Tis very well you did, and must ever  
under hold them to be Saints; or else be plung'd  
into Eternal Torments.

for Boy. Well, Sir, but as to the Pope's Infal-  
libility, pray has the Pope no Sin? cannot he  
be like other Men?

Pap. No, 'tis a mortal Sin, and does de-  
serve the hottest Flames of Purgatory to once  
do much as think he can; all that he does is  
ruer than the Scriptures, all is Gospel that he  
speaks, or be it what it will, he makes it so;  
why, he will have it so in spight of all the He-  
reticks.

Boy. Why, truly Sir, I heard my Father call  
st him Whore of Babylon, and I am sure Whores  
are counted naughty People here in England.

Pap. Ay, thy poor Father was a damn'd He-  
retick, and would have made thee so, but thou  
dost not believe a word he taught thee, but re-  
nounce him as I told thee, and acknowledge no  
ther Father but the Pope, you must believe he is  
infallible and cannot sin.

Boy. Well, Sir, if it must be so.—

Pap. Must, yes upon pain of Damnation it  
must, to think a thought so the contrary, de-  
serves the Flames.

Boy. Yet farther, Sir, I heard our Minister  
no once say (and Ministers with us are counted  
many holy Men) that he was a Scarlet Beast, with  
seuen Heads and ten Horns, and I am sure  
that

that such a Beast must needs be ugly and monstrosous too, for I never heard of such a one in the England, unless it was the Ram that was shown in Bartholomew-Fair, and that too had but one Head, though it had many Horns: pray, Sir, is he like a Ram ?

Pap. *Sirrah, leave off these blasphemous Querries, or I shall teach you better manners, the same way we taught the Hereticks in blessed Queen Mary's days.*

Boy. Pray, Sir, how was that ?

Pap. *Why with Fire and Faggot, Sirrah, which Lesson we intend to read them o'er again for long, if our business succeeds.*

Boy. O law, Sir, why did you bake them in Ovens and make Pasties of them to feed the Pope ?

Pap. No, Rogue, but chain'd them to Stake, and burnt them to ashes: but more this hereafter.

Boy. Why Sir, 'tis said the Roman Catholicks do use to bake their God, and eat him up, well then may they devour an hundred such poor humane Squabs as I.

Pap. *Thou damny'd Heretick, I'll sacrifice thee up to Molech, if thou dar'st say the like again.*

Boy. O pray, Sir, I'll do any thing, O, for the sake of St. Francis, Sir, don't eat me.

Pap. *No Villain, I shan't, and yet because*

on see how false thy Heretical Parents have taught  
thee, on purpose thou mightest be damned; I  
will in pity instruct thee somewhat about the  
Omnipotence of Transubst. tiation.

Boy. O law, Sir, that is such a hard word,  
I shall forget it, pray chalk it up on my Hat,  
for my better remembrance.

Pap. No, sirrah, but on thy back with a  
Discipline, as we did on Langhorn's, for dis-  
covering of the Jesuits Lands, if thou dar'st  
be thus unmannerly.

Boy. Sir, I have done; now you may in-  
form me what you please.

Pap. Well then, Transubstantiation is by the  
power of the holy Mother Church, and the Om-  
nipotence of our infallible Father the Pope, by  
turning of a Wafer by Consecration of the Priest  
into a Corporal body.

Boy. Alas! Sir, I hope the Pope is not a  
Conjurer, for I heard my Father say, they can  
do no very strange things; I wondred indeed  
from whence the Gypsies came all this while,  
and now I perceive they came from Rome; I  
hope, Sir, all your Priests are not Gypsies, if  
they be, they will gabble so that I shall not  
be able to understand one word they say.

Pap. sirrah, will you never leave these  
fo shwartzing questions, Rascal, I charge thee no  
more on 'em, O damn'd Heretick, the Pope a  
Conjurer, and our Priests Gypsies, I shall give  
thee

ghee up to be tormented in the hottest hole of Purgatory.

Boy. O pardon me, Sir, I woud have said of the Pope a Thunderer, and your Priests Jesuits

Pap. Well turn'd Rogue, I see thou canst equivocate by Mental Reservation, ay, now thou sayest right, for the Pope is a Boanenger, a Son of Thunder, witness his Roaring Bulls against Excommunicated Princes, how soon these Thunderbolts can ruine Kingdoms, by stirring up Religion, and unhinge the State of Empire.

Boy. Alas! Sir, how chance his Holiness sent none of these horned Beasts into England to do his work, for a mad Bull is a very fearful thing, Oh how they will buck one, if they stand but in their way; for I have seen them play sad Tricks in Smithfield.

Pap. Alas, poor Child! I see thou art ignorant in that Affair, and knowest not what they be

Boy. O law, Sir, not know what a Bull is! Ha, ha, ha, and avads, my Father kept two among his Cows; why, Sir, they have two so short Horns, and a great pair of Stones; O dillaw, not know what a Bull is! sure you take me for a great Fool indeed.

Pap. Sirrah, I say you are mistaken, the Pope's Bulls are other manner of things, one of them ruin'd Bohemia, Albigensia, Piedmont, and Waldensia, and caused Eight hundred thousand Hereticks to die.

Boy. O fie upon his Horns, what a murder-ing Bull was that! 'tis well then that we have laid one of 'em in England, such a Bull would it eat all London before him, and swallow up St Paul's at a mouthful, and drink the River of Thames dry, so that the Water-men would be forced to go a Hay-making, avads, that would be pretty.

Pap. Yes Sirrah, there has been one of them Rovately in England, but that Air is so thick, and the Climate so cold, that he could not roar so loud enough, nor cast out his Flames around him, as in other Countries, more subject to the heat of Rome.

Boy. Alas! if they be fiery Bulls, and cast about Flames so, that might be one of them (for I thought I know'd) which roar'd so loud and furiously at Whitehall last Week, for I remember abundance of Flames flew about, tho' the Weather was very cold at that time; besides, some People discourse as if some of the w<sup>t</sup> Sons of your Church was concern'd in that Odious Conflagration.

Pap. No, Impudence; 'tis well known how that unhappy Fire began, tho' some lewd Hereticks have maliciously endeavour'd to make people believe strange things, in order to render us odious, but I would have you to know, we scorn all such abominable Actions.

Boy.

Boy. Ay, I believe you do, but 'tis as Dog  
scorns Mutton, when he runs away with  
whole Shoulders.

Pap. Come, come, thou art a very Wag, I  
thou understands not what these kind of Bull  
are gendred of, nor whence they do derive their  
Power.

Boy. No indeed Sir, I know no other than  
I have told you; but pray Sir, make me so  
to understand, I'de gladly know.

Pap. Why Sirrah, they are Bulls of Bashan  
made to push at Princes, to make them bow be  
fore the See Apostolick, or else by Excommunicat  
ing them, to tear the Crowns from off their  
Heads. Depose and Murther them by their own  
Subjects Hands, as France and England, Ger  
many and Spain in former Ages had their Mon  
archs served---but no more of this.

Boy. But pray Sir, one Question more, for  
I would fain learn what Bulls these are; who  
not that one of them that the Pope's Legate  
brought over to excommunicate King Hen  
the 8th?

Pap. Let it was.

Boy. Then I know what they are, for  
I heard my Father read in an old Book, tha  
that Legate was Hang'd at Tyburn with his  
Bull about his Neck; sure that was a simp  
Bull that could not roar the Gallows down  
when others did such Feats as you relate.

Dog Pap. Villain, 'tis Death for thee to say those  
words again.

Boy. O---Sir---hold---I have done.

Pap. Tis well thou hast, or I should stop  
thy Breath forever, and purge thee of thy He-  
thie, in the dark Cells of *Limbis Patrum*.

Boy. Alas, Sir, what kind of place is that ?  
I have heard much talk of *Bugby's-hole*; nay,  
my Sister told me I should go thither, is that  
the *Limbis Patrum* you mean Sir, for I'll war-  
rant you that's some ugly place or other, for  
the very naming on't so scar'd me, that I could  
not eat my Breakfast.

Pap. No, no, Sirrah, it is a place exceeding  
that a thousand times, a place where naughty  
people go to purge themselves of Sin in streams  
of Fire.

Boy. O law, Sir, what that's a kind of an  
ugly place indeed; but pray Sir, have they  
no Victuals there?

Pap. No.

Boy. Why, good Sir, how can they live  
then? I hope they don't do as they say the  
Bears do in *Greenland*?

Pap. How is that, Sirrah?

Boy. Why, sit upon their Tails, and suck  
their Paws all Winter, instead of Breakfast,  
Dinner and Supper.

Pap. No Rogue, they don't.

Boy.

*Boy.* Why, pray Sir, can they live upon no  
thing, that's a hard case?

*Pap.* Yes, upon nothing but Heat and Smoak.

*Boy.* Avads, then I believe it is the place  
from whence our Tobacco comes, for they  
say, the people eat little or nothing but  
Smoak; and besides, the people are curse  
black that come from thence, therefore I be  
lieve it must be a damnable hot Country.

*Pap.* No Rascal, 'tis another kind of place  
and smoke than that, 'tis a place within a  
Inch of Hell, just under our Feet, with Ad  
mantine Gates, of which the Pope does al  
ways keep the Keys. 'tis *Purgatory*, Sirrah.

*Boy.* Alas! Sir, I don't know, but I verily  
believe 'tis the same place as I mean, for I am  
sure I ne'er smelt no Smoke stink worse than  
Tobacco-smoke in my life, and all people say  
that it comes from a place under us; nay, and  
further, I have heard people say that have  
been at the bottom of a deep Well, that they  
have heard the Ducks quak in another  
World; and now, Sir, I believe verily they  
were mistaken, and that it was only the Pa  
soners in *Purgatory*, calling for Drink to their  
Tobacco.

*Pa.* Ha! Villain, 'tis a Mystery, 'tis a M  
racle beyond thy Capacity, I charge thee  
speak no more on't.

*Boy.* Well, I shan't Sir, but now you ta  
ke

of a Miracle, I have heard much discourse of Miracles; pray Sir, what manner of thing is a Miracle?

*Pap.* A Miracle is some wondrous work, wrought by the Church of *Rome*; as raising the Dead, healing the Blind and the Lame, causing Images to Speak, &c. These properly belong to her alone, and are performed by the Clergy.

*Boy.* But Sir, they say the Plot in *Monmouth's* days, was discovered by a Miracle; did your Church discover that I pray now?

*Pap.* No, no, thou art damn'd if thou believest that ever there was any Plot, only an invention of the Devil and the *Presbyterians*, to raise a Persecution against the Saints; and you must believe so on pain of Purgatory.

*Boy.* But Sir, as to the Discovery, (I heard Folks say,) the Meal-Tub made, had your Church no hand in that, if I might be so bold?

*Pap.* Yes, I do believe that was a Miracle wrought by the Church Apostolick, by way of Transubstantiation, turning the Meal into written Papers, and had it not been so molested as it was, all the Meal had taken the same form, and filled the Land with flying News of the Pope.

*Boy.* Alas Sir, if your Church could do such Trick's, she may turn all your Meal to Paper, and then what should we do for Pancakes on *Shrove-Tuesday*.

*Pap.*

*Pap.* No, no, Sirrah, all our Miracles rather tend to the good of Mankind than always to prejudice them, especially that power which belongs to Mother Church.

*Boy.* Oh, oh, now I understand you, and in part the nature of your Miracles too, for remember in 88, there was a mighty Female which brought forth a Son (as I may say) an Hours warning, which was a swinging Miracle, and I suppose wrought by your Church.

*Pap.* Thou art in the right on't.

*Boy.* As right as I am, I believe your Miracles ceased fuddainly after, for when the Dutch Landed at Torbay, your party could perform none, unless some Wonders by out-runnin' the Dutch at Salisbury-Plain.

*Pap.* Nay, for all your hast, there was som Miracles perform'd too, viz. in preserving the Babie and his Mother from the terrible Jarr of Meenhere, and the reputed Dadda also.

*Boy.* But hold Sir, with your leave, if your Church could have work'd such Wonders as you talk of, she would have preserved Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins, from that unlucky and fatal Jobb they perform'd at Tyburn, as also another holy Brother, whose Head took leave of him at Tower-Hill, Miracles in those Days I am sure would have been very acceptable among the Sons of your Church.

*Pap.* Out upon thee, thou Saucy Villain, let  
have no more of these Reflections; Satan  
lets let loose then, so that no Miracle could  
ake place; but he will be bound again e'er  
ing, and then you'll see our Miracles will re-  
fore again.

*Boy.* Nay, then I humbly beg your Pardon,  
saying your Army ran away for fear of the  
g March; for if Satan was let loose at that time,  
rather think he appeared among them at  
alisbury, for as the Proverb says, *They must  
Meeds go (and run too) when the Devil  
drives.*

*Pap.* Come, I see you're a Wag, let's have  
Catch, and so conclude.

*Boy.* Now you talk of a Catch, it puts me  
mind of the Hang-man, and therefore I be-  
lieve you would have me sing to the Tune of  
*Jack Coleman and the five Jesuits.*

*Pap.* No Sirrah, that's too serious to make  
Song on.

*Boy.* Oh Sir, 'tis the better, for it is like  
Singing a Psalm at Tyburn.

*Pap.* Why, you don't think I shall be  
Hang'd, do ye you Knaves;

*Boy.* I don't know, but if you go on as you  
begin, you may prosper so well as to be Saint-  
ed at last, and much good may do you with it.

*Pap.* Come, leave your joaking, and let's  
have the Song, but let's have no Heresie in it.  
I charge you.

The

The SONG; To the Tune of  
Clories awake: Or, I am a Maid &c.

**T**HE Papist's Religion will certainly please;  
For that will Indulge it to live at our ease;  
And if we have Peter-pence, fear not the Story  
Of the wide Mouth of Hell, or the Hole Purgatory,  
The Pope and Jack Ketch has made many Saints,  
And yet all the Papists are full of Complaints?  
But there is no reason I think for this thing,  
When Jack sends them all up to Heaven in a String.

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# Timely Warning,

To Rash and Disobedient

R. Bent (R)

# CHILDREN.

Being a strange and wonderful R E -  
A T I O N of a young Gentleman in  
the Parish of *Stepheny*, in the Suburbs of  
*London*, That sold himself to the Devil  
for 12 Years, to have the Power of being  
avenged on his Father and Mother, and  
now his Time being expired, he lay in a  
bad and deplorable Condition, to the Amaz-  
ement of all Spectators.



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